

Sketch

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Grey Eyes

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A New Dawn

By Jean Boland, '38

BOARDS that creak with halting footsteps,
Struggling breathing of my sister
Break the note of stifling silence
As I tiptoe from her bedside.

Crackling faintly near her window
Branches of the frosted willow
Sway more calmly in the stillness
Of a new and hopeful morning.

Clouded skies are gently breaking,
Rays of sunlight hover nearer.
Now my sister's eyes are open,
Look in mine—and almost twinkle.

Grey Eyes

By Maurice J. Kirby, '37

OF ALL that I remember, I liked best
The grey of quiet landscape in her eyes,
Like grey of hovering smoke in evening skies,
Or grey of dusk, when day, retiring guest,
Carries his dying candle off to rest.

I tried to tell her what they meant to me,
Those rich grey eyes with lazy, velvet smiles
And flickering lights like ripples on grey sea.
They built a bridge across the years and miles—
My father had grey eyes . . . Hard as I sought,
I couldn't find the words; I only thought.